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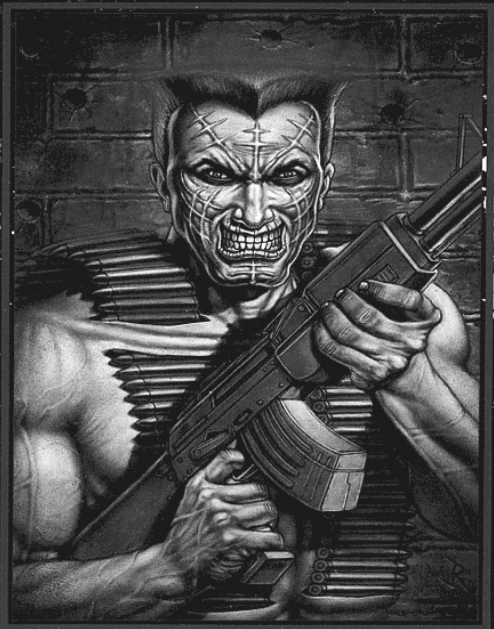
CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER™

HOT FUN
IN THE
SUMMER
TEST

James Moore
Ricardo Villagran

Erik Saltzgeber
Mike Vosberg

D.G. Chichester
Bruce Jones





foreword
D.G. Chichester

Of Love, City, and Curiosity

James Moore
writer
Ricardo Villagran
artist
Jon Babcock
letterer

**Devil's Brigade Part Fifteen:
The Kold Red**

Erik Saltzger
writer
Mike Vosburg
artist
Gaspar
letterer

**Devil's Brigade Part Sixteen:
The Cenobite Always
Rings Twice**

D.G. Chichester
Dwayne McDuffie
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Bruce Jones
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Richard Starkings
letterer

afterword
Marc McLaurin

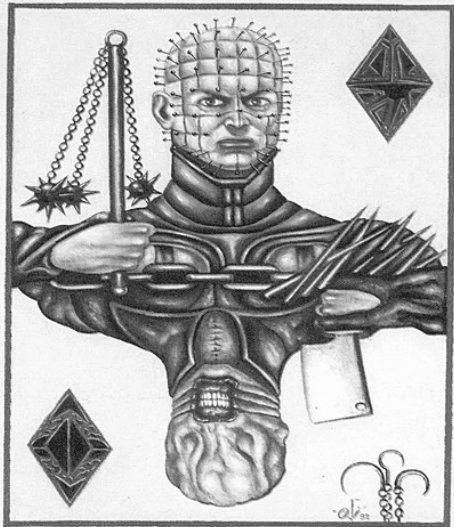
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CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER™ Book 15

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FOREWORD

Did I promise more mail, or did I promise more mail? For those of you who, for some unforgivable reason (like there's forgiveness in Hell!) missed last issue, I did promise. Why should I work when you can do it for me, gentle reader?

I'm not just a fan, I feel more like a member of your hellish brigade. Hellraiser enables me to leave this trivial world of aggravation and enter my own hell. My private hell allows me to use my pain and enjoy the sweet suffering. Each issue warps and alters my sense of suffering. The result is a new mutation. A new and different perception of hell. My pain is my reward.

— Gregory A. Williams

Gregory, what can we say? Letters like yours make it all worthwhile.

I am suffering beyond even Leviathan's expectations. I work full time during the day, and attend college at night and on weekends. It is extremely difficult to go to the comic book store, and this store as well as others just won't chain anything down for me. I would be able to endure the sweet suffering of waiting for your books if you could find a postal box somewhere in Hell to mail them to me directly along with a small note of what the future holds for yourselves and Clive Barker.

— George J. Mangos

I suppose you want a real answer, hmm, George? All right, just this once! We can mail some things by subscription, notably Nightbreed — see the coupon in most marvel comics. Some specialty items, such as Graphitti Designs' limited edition HELLRAISER volumes, can be ordered from those good folks. Other aberrations — this publication, or the upcoming HELLRAISER SUMMER SPECIAL aren't offered by us directly, but any comic mail order outfit will gladly send you off a package; check the Comic Buyer's Guide ads. Finally, keep an eye on this space, editor McEaurin's afterword and the NIGHTBREED letter column for what's new and nasty in the world of Mr. Barker via Epic.

We now turn from pages without to those within this very issue — tales of the furry and the furious. An old woman makes a deal with our devils to wreak vengeance on the man who tortured her precious felines in writer James Moore's "Of Love, Cats, and Curiosity;" the talented Ricardo Villagran turns words into pictures. A fire-and-brimstone firelight is the core of "The Kold Red" ad the Cenobite Atkins mops up another assignment of The Devil's Brigade; Erik Saltzgaber is behind the keyboard, Mike Vosburg behind the brush. And in a story that could have been called something other than "The Cenobite Always Rings Twice" (but we called it that anyway), Hell's favorite pin-headed son pulls the strings and the flesh that may bring an unstoppable plague down on humanity; it's Dwayne McDuffie and I writing, Bruce Jones on the art.

Enough a' my yakkin'. Let's rot and roll.

Dan Chichester
consulting editor

SATURDAY
OCTOBER 10TH, 1992
10:04 P.M.

*My Mother used to
say that the rains
were caused by Angels...*

*...That every Angel up in
Heaven would cry a thou-
sand tears for the loss
of a single 'soul' to the
minions of Satan.*

*If that's true,
tonight they
cry for me.*

*It was raining that night
too. The night that I killed
Thomas Merriweather...
Hardly seems a month at all.*

James Moore
writer
Ricaro Villagran
artist
John Babcock
Letterer

OF LOVE, CATS AND CURIOSITY

SEBASTIAN? WHAT
ARE YOU DOING HERE? I
JUST GAVE YOU TO THOSE
SWEET PEOPLE, THE
GRAHAMS, ACROSS
THE STREET.

YOU SHOULD BE AT
YOUR NEW HOME, ACROSS
THE STREET NOT WITH
ME. I'LL MISS YOU THO,
AFTER TONIGHT.

WILL YOU
MISS ME AS
WELL?
HMMM?

MREOW?

WHAT DID YOU SEE THAT NIGHT,
MY LITTLE ONE? DID YOU SEE HIS
DEATH? I HOPE IT WAS NOTHING
TOO FRIGHTENING FOR YOU.

*But at least I know that
wretch got what he de-
served... dying and
acting the good neighbor
for all those years...*

HMM, SEBASTIAN ISN'T
IT? COME TO FIND YOUR MOTHER?
WELL, WAIT WHILE I GET MY
KNIVES, AND I'LL SEND YOU TO HER.

THURSDAY,
OCTOBER 8TH, 1992
11:55 P.M.

COME, MY LITTLE LOVE, LET'S
TAKE YOU TO YOUR MOTHER...

THOMAS MERRIWETHER? YOU'VE BEEN
BAD, WE KNOW WHAT YOU DID. IT IS TIME FOR
YOU TO KNOW THE MEANING OF YOUR DEEDS.
THE TIME HAS COME FOR RETRIBUTION.

WHO THE HELL ARE
YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DO-
ING IN MY HOUSE? GET
OUT, BEFORE I CALL
THE POL--

ITAAARRGH!

ROUWRRRRRR

SATURDAY,
OCTOBER 10TH, 1992
10:27 P.M.

OH, SEBASTIAN.
I WISH YOU HADN'T
HAD TO SEE ANYTHING
THAT NIGHT. I-- I AL-
MOST WISH I'D NEVER
FOUND OUT WHAT
THAT AWFUL LITTLE
MAN WAS UP TO...

I WONDER WHAT I'D HAVE DONE DIFFERENTLY, IF THE POLICE HAD BELIEVED ME.

I JUST **COULDN'T** LET HIM GET AWAY WITH WHAT HE WAS **DOING**. I WENT TO THE ATTIC. I GOT THE **BOX...**

FRIDAY, JULY 12TH, 1951
5:35 P.M. OVER FORTY YEARS AGO.

WHAT ON EARTH IS IT, GEORGE?

IT'S CALLED A "**LEMARCHAND BOX**," MY DEAR. POSSIBLY THE **FINEST** WORK OF ART EVER **CREATED**.

AND THE **REAL JOY** OF THIS PIECE THAT IT'S A **PUZZLE**.

YOU **KNOW** HOW I LOVE PUZZLES. I'M GOING TO **SOLVE** THIS ONE, AND SHOW THE FINISHED RESULTS TO **STAN O'BRIGHT**. HE DOESN'T BELIEVE THAT **ANYONE** CAN SOLVE THE BEAST, MOSTLY BECAUSE **HE COULDN'T**.

WE'VE A **GENTLEMAN'S BET** THAT I CAN'T FINISH IT BY TOMORROW NIGHT. IF I WIN, HE SAID I CAN **KEEP** THE PUZZLE.

FRIDAY, JULY 12TH, 1951 9:32 P.M.

IIIEEEAAAG

GEORGE? GEORGE, ARE YOU **ALL** **RIGHT**?

"I knew the answer before I even asked the question. The box had done something to George..."

GEORGE! I'M COMING!

GEORGE?

"The room felt wrong, it was bitterly cold and humid. I knew that the box was to blame, that it had taken my George away from me."

"I also knew that George was not always as decent a man as he pretended to be for my benefit. He drank too much, he gambled more often than not, and I suspected that he was not always faithful in his wedding vows to me."

"I knew that I'd waited far too long to turn him back towards the path of God. George had opened the gates of Hell."

OH, MY POOR, SWEET GEORGE, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO YOURSELF? I PROMISE YOU THAT IT WILL NEVER HAPPEN TO ANYONE ELSE...

"...I'll hide the box away, where no one shall ever find it. I fear no one else could possibly be trusted." And then I said goodbye to my one love. But now I fear even I could not be trusted."

SATURDAY
OCTOBER 10TH, 1992
11:03 P.M.

WHAT ELSE COULD I DO, GEORGE? HE DESERVED HELL. HOW FOOLISH OF ME, TO THINK THEY'D ONLY WANT THE GUILTY; TO FORGET ONE SHOULD NEVER MAKE A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL.

KRA-KOOM!

I DON'T BELIEVE HOW JUMPY I AM, SEBASTIAN.

OH!

IT'S JUST THE STORM, I'VE EASILY ANOTHER HOUR BEFORE THEY SHOW--

--OWW!

OH, NOW I'VE
CUT MYSELF ON
THE THING! AS IF
I DIDN'T HAVE
ENOUGH PROBLEMS
ALREADY.

Here's hoping
they don't mind
damaged gods...
el never did ask...

THURSDAY,
SEPTEMBER 10TH,
1992. 10:34 P.M.

OH, DEAR.
WHAT HAVE
I DONE,
NOW?

WHAT YOU
WERE ATTEMPT-
ING TO DO.

COME, ALMA, IT IS
TIME FOR US TO GO.

IT IS TIME
FOR US TO
TEACH YOU
THE WAYS OF...

YOU'VE
SUMMONED US.
YOU HAVE CALLED
AND WE HAVE
COME.

N-NO! WAIT! THIS
ISN'T WHAT I'D **EXPEC-**
TED! I THOUGHT
THE PUZZLE WOULD HELP
ME GET **REVENGE,**
FOR ALICE.

WHO TOLD YOU THAT WE WERE INSTRUMENTS
OF REVENGE? **WHO PRESUMES** TO MAKE
US SLAVES TO THE WHIMS OF MERE **FLESH?**
SPEAK, WOMAN!

I THOUGHT YOU'D
WANT TO KNOW.

THE M-MAN
NEXT DOOR,
**THOMAS
MERRY-
WETHER.**

LOOK AT THESE PICTURES,
I HAVE **PROOF!** OH, PLEASE,
I NEVER MEANT FOR YOU
TO SHOW UP **HERE.**

I JUST WANT
MY LITTLE ALICE
AVENGED.

HE'S A
HORRIBLE
MAN. HE TOR-
TURES LITTLE
CATS TO DEATH.
TAKE HIM TO
HELL, THAT'S
WHERE HE
BELONGS!

HE WOULD BE **USEFUL**
TO US, BUT HE IS NOT
HERE. YOU ARE.



WAIT. WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE, THEN, WOMAN? THAT WE TAKE **THOMAS MERRIWETHER** IN YOUR PLACE?

I-I AM NOT READY TO DIE. PLEASE, WHAT PLEASURE COULD THE LIKES OF YOU FIND IN AN OLD WOMAN LIKE ME?

WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE THEN, ALMA PRITCHARD? THE EXCHANGE OF *ONE* LIFE FOR *ANOTHER*? THE EXCHANGE MAY BE INEQUITABLE.

WHAT HAVE WE TO GAIN FROM SUCH A BARGAIN?

PERHAPS YOU FEAR THE WONDERS WE HAVE TO SHOW YOU. PERHAPS YOU NEED A **DEMONSTRATION** IN THE WONDERS OF **SCULPTING FLESH**.

NO! WAIT!

CAN I PROPOSE A **BARGAIN**?

WHY CAN'T YOU JUST TAKE THOMAS MERRIWETHER? HE'S LIKE *YOU*. HE ENJOYS **SCULPTING FLESH**! I-I COULDN'T BE THAT WAY.

AGE IS OF NO IMPORTANCE TO US. WE CARE NOT ABOUT YOUR **THOMAS MERRIWETHER**, OR HIS "*SINS*." WE CARE *ONLY* FOR THE FLESH AND THE ART WITH WHICH WE **SHAPE** IT.

WE GROW WEARY OF THIS GAME. COME, ALMA PRITCHARD, IT IS TIME TO GO. WE HAVE MUCH TO TEACH YOU.

TAKE HIM, I'LL EVEN **HELP** YOU TAKE HIM! PLEASE...

...I'M JUST AN **OLD WOMAN**, WHAT USE COULD YOU HAVE FOR THE LIKES OF *ME*?



PLEASE! AT LEAST GIVE ME **TIME!** A FEW **YEARS** AND THEN I'LL BE YOURS! AT **LEAST** LET ME KNOW THAT HE'S GONE AND LET ME **SAVOR** MY **REVENGE...**



TWO **YEARS** ARE NOT ACCEPTABLE. WE WILL GIVE YOU **ONE CYCLE** OF THE MOON, THIRTY DAYS. DO YOU **AGREE** TO THIS OF YOUR OWN **WILL?**

YES!
YES--



THEN SIMPLY PLACE THE LAMENT CONFIGURATION BEFORE THOMAS MERRIWETHER TONIGHT.

ONE MONTH AFTER WE HAVE TAKEN YOUR REVENGE **FOR** YOU, SHALL YOU INVITE US **BACK** FOR YOU?

WILL YOU CALL US **BACK** IN **ONE MONTH?**

YES. ANYTHING! JUST, PLEASE, LET ME HAVE MY **REVENGE.**



THEN IT IS AGREED. TONIGHT WE TAKE YOUR ENEMY. HE HAS POTENTIAL, AND YOU HAVE THE MEANS TO GIVE HIM TO US. IN **ONE MONTH** WE TAKE YOU. TIME ENOUGH TO MULL THE **PRICE** OF YOUR REVENGE.



DO NOT ATTEMPT TO CHEAT US, ALMA PRITCHARD.

IN FACING THE TRUTH, YOU WILL SUFFER MUCH, IN YOUR LAST MONTH; A PROPER INTRODUCTION TO OUR GIFTS.



OH SWEET JESUS, WHAT HAVE I **DONE** TO MYSELF? WHAT HAVE I **DONE?**

SATURDAY,
OCTOBER 10TH, 1992
11:55 P.M.

A deal with the Devil. I've gotten myself a ticket to Hell.

I got myself a month's reprieve from damnation, and saw to it that Thomas—may his soul never know a moment's rest—~~Marlowether~~ never killed another innocent animal.

I should have done the whole thing earlier, if I'd known what the bastard was up to.

WELL MET, ALMA PRITCHARD. IT IS TIME FOR US TO GO. ARE YOU **PREPARED?**

AS MUCH AS I EVER **WILL BE.**

It was raining that night too. Rain, twice in one month. Southern California may never be the same. It imagine meteorologists are all having heart attacks about now: One month already...

WE'VE SO MANY THINGS TO SHOW YOU, ALMA. SO MANY **WONDERFUL** SIGHTS FOR YOU TO SEE. I ALMOST ENVY YOU. HELL HAS SO MANY WONDERS FOR ITS NEWCOMERS...

Hardly seems a month at all. Chin up, you silly old goose. A month can go by so quickly. How bad can eternity be?

THE END





SELFISH, SICK
INDIVIDUALS.
SICK AS IN
TWISTED.



THEY GOT
WHAT THEY
DESERVE.



THEY WOULDN'T BE
SICK AT ALL -- SICK AS IN
ILL -- IF THEY KEPT THEIR PARTS
WHERE THEY BELONG.



IN HELL, HE IS HIGH PRIEST
CHAMPION OF FASCIST ORDER.

D.G. Chichester
Dwayne McDuffie
writers
Bruce Jones
artist
Richard Starkings
Letterer

IN GERMANY, HE IS AN IMITATION
DOCTOR MORRIS DILLIARD,
MASQUERADER BENEATH
A FLESHY RIND.

SOMEWHERE BETWEEN THE
TWO, THE CENOBITE DEMON
HOLDS THE FATE OF THE
DREAD ABYSS IN HIS
BEYOND-DEATH HANDS.

THE
CENOBITE

ALWAYS RINGS TWICE

THE DEVIL'S BRIGADE

PART 15

**KNOCK
KNOCK**

MORRIS,
COME ON--A
WORLD HEALTH
ORGANIZATION
CONFERENCE
WAITS FOR NO
MAN!

JUST A
MOMENT,
DARLING--
LET ME PUT
MY FACE
ON.



THAT'S A
WOMAN'S
EXCUSE.

STILL WORTH
IT WHERE I AM
CONCERNED--
TRUST ME, MS.
GIOELI, I CAN
LOOK A FRIGHT.

THOUGH I PALE IN
COMPARISON TO WHAT
YOU HAVE MANAGED
WITH THIS SUITE.

THIS
MESS--THIS...
CHAOS.

SORRY,
BUSY PUTTING
THIS AIDS
PRESENTATION
TOGETHER
FOR W.H.O.
REMEMBER?



LET'S SEE YOU DO
WHAT I'VE BEEN INTO
AND STILL KEEP
EVERYTHING ELSE
IN ORDER!

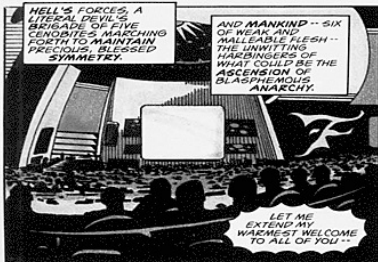
Oh,
YOU
TEASE.



DIABOLIC THOUGHTS YEARN
TO STRAIGHTEN. TO STRUCTURE--

--EVEN AS THE GREATER
FORCES WHICH GOVERN
SUCH THINGS THUNDER
TO A CROSSROADS
CALLED THE TIME OF
CONFIGURATION.

-- THANK THE
PEOPLE OF FRANKFURT
FOR HOSTING THIS
IMPORTANT CON-
FERENCE!



HELL'S FORCES, A
LITERAL DEVIL'S
BRIGADE OF FIVE
CENOBITES, MARCHING
FORTH TO MAINTAIN
PRECIOUS, BLESSED
SYMMETRY.

AND MANKIND--SIX
OF WEAK AND
MALLEABLE FLESH--
THE UNWITTING
HARBINGERS OF
WHAT COULD BE THE
ASCENSION OF
BLASPHEMOUS
ANARCHY.

LET ME
EXTEND MY
WARMEST WELCOME
TO ALL OF YOU--



-- AS WELL AS
EARNEST WISHES
FOR A SPIRIT OF
HARMONY AND CO-
OPERATION IN OUR
CONTINUING MISSION
ON BEHALF OF
THE PUBLIC
HEALTH.









THE
SUFFERING...

KRAAK



I'M
COMING,
JESUS. GIVE
IT A REST
ALREADY!

**KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK**



LORRI...
WELL...
WELL.

COME TO
APOLOGIZE
FOR YOUR
"HOLIER-THAN-
THOU" ROUTINE
THIS
MORNING?

NOT TO
APOLOGIZE
FOR THIS
MORNING.
ROGER -- FOR
FIVE YEARS
AGO.



AND BELIEVE ME WHEN
I SAY I'VE NEVER MEANT
TO BE HOLIER THAN
ANYTHING.

THAT'S IT?
THAT'S WORTH
WAKING ME OUT
OF A SOUND --



I WILL MAKE
IT WORTH IT,
ROGER --
THERE'S SO
MUCH TO
MAKE UP
FOR.

I KNOW WHAT
THIS MUST BE
DOING TO YOU,
ADDING TO WHAT
YOUR HAND-
CAPPED ARM
ALREADY
DOES.



--MAKING
YOU FEEL
LIKE LESS
THAN A
WHOLE
MAN.

I KNOW HOW
YOU OVERCOM-
PENSATE WITH
EGO AND
ARROGANCE.

WHAT
ELSE DO
YOU
KNOW?



I KNOW YOU DESERVE THE
CONFERENCE'S CONGRATU-
LATIONS AND RECOGNITION
FOR ALL YOUR HARD
WORK.



A TASTE
OF THAT WOULD
BE WORTH
ALMOST ANY-
THING, HMM?

YES...



--LOOKING AT THE
HIV VIRUS IN ACTION
AS IT PREPARES TO
INFECT A HUMAN
CELL--



IT'S ANOTHER INFECTION
AT WORK THAT FILLS THE
CENOBITE'S SOULLESS EYES.



AN AFRICAN
WHITE
SUPREMACIST
NAMED
DECOURCY.

A TROUBLED
PRIEST
CALLED
ABADDON.

DEAR, SWEET
GIOELI.

AN INNER
CITY
ACTIVIST
ANSWERING
TO SHAEL.

AND BEAT COPS
ELLIOT AND GEORGE.

THEIR THREAT OF
DISHARMONY EN-
CROACHING UPON
THE TERRIBLE
POWER OF THE DARK
GOD LEVIATHAN.



FROM WITHIN, IT ACTIVATES
ITS OWN IMMUNE SYSTEM,
THE VASA INIQUITATIS --

--THE VESSELS OF ANGER
AND THE INVENTORS
OF THE WICKED ARTS.

THE NAMELESS ONE,
PIN-LIKE PIERCINGS
RINGING HIS HEAD IN
AN INFERNAL HALO.

THE
REMORER
ATKINS.

A WARRIOR
INVOKED AS
ASIGOR.

BALBERITH,
LIBRARIAN
TO THE GRAND
GRIMOIRES.

A THESPIAN
PLAYING THE
PART OF FACE.

EACH RESPONSIBLE
FOR HIS OR HER CHARGE.



EACH HAVING TO
ANSWER FOR
THEIR RESPECTIVE
MISFORTUNES--



--AND
MASTER
STROKES.

I OVER-
REACT, DOCTOR--
IT'S THE WAY
I AM!

ALL I CAN DO
IS APOLOGIZE... AND
SUGGEST WE SIT DOWN
TO AN OPEN EXCHANGE
OF MATERIALS AT DINNER!



ONE
ON ONE?

ABSOLUTELY!
LET'S WORK OUT OUR
DIFFERENCES AS
PROFESSIONALS WITH-
OUT DRAGGING IN OFFI-
CIALS-- THEY'LL BLOW
THINGS OUT OF PROPOR-
TION AND WE'LL GET
NOTHING DONE!



IT
CERTAINLY
SPEAKS OF
A CERTAIN
LOGIC...

WHAT DO YOU
THINK,
MORRIS?



"... WHY NOT SET
SOMETHING UP
WITH HIM TONIGHT? "



THREE
HOURS LATE
IS THREE TOO
LONG!

IF
"DOCTOR"
BURNICH
EVER BOTHERS
TO SHOW WATER,
TELL HIM TO GO
SCREW HIMSELF!



HOW COULD
I HAVE BEEN SO
STUPID TO THINK THAT
ANYONE WOULD
WANT TO WORK
OUT ANYTHING?









I SHALL
STILL RESPECT
YOU IN THE
MORNING...



"...THOUGH IT
IS CERTAIN
THAT OTHERS
WILL NOT."



TEACH
HER A
LESSON.

HAND
ME THAT
STACK OVER
THERE, I
WANT TO--



LORRI...?



...I'VE BEEN
THINKING...

...ONCE WE
GO OVER GIOELI'S NOTES,
EVEN IF HER WORK'S
LEGITIMATE, I STILL WANT
TO BURY HER!



"WHAT'S
THIS
SHIT
ALL
OVER--?"



"AND THAT IS HOW
THEY FOUND HIM --
SCREAMING?"

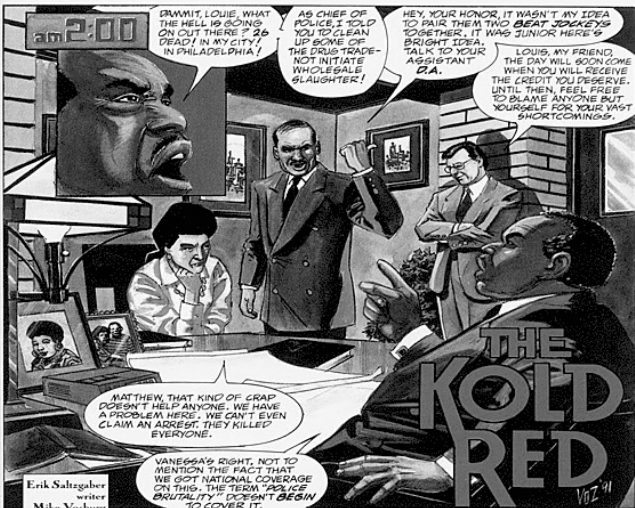


"WHAT
IT SAYS
HERE..."

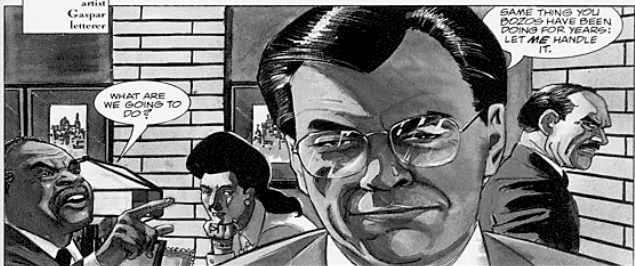


THE END





Erik Saltzgeber
writer
Mike Vosburg
artist
Gaspar
letterer





WHAT?!

WHAT DO
YOU WANT
NOW?

LEVIATHAN
MUST NOT BE
DENIED.



THE VIOLENCE, THE CHAOS, MUST NOT
ESCALATE. YOU MUST STOP IT. YOU
MUST BE CLEAR IN YOUR PURPOSE!

THE ONLY THING I'M CLEAR ABOUT
IS WHAT I'D LIKE TO DO TO YOU,
"YER HIGHNESS!"

RAAAAAA!

YOU'D DO WELL
TO CONSIDER MY
OWN INCONVENIENCE
AT BEING CALLED
HERE FROM MY
MISSION, ATKINS.

SEE THAT YOU REMEMBER
LEVIATHAN'S WILL AS YOU
PROGRESS
HERE.



YOU MUST NOT ALLOW THE
SITUATION TO GET OUT OF
CONTROL. DO NOT COM-
PROMISE YOUR DUTY.

OUR NEXT ADMONITION
WON'T BE SO LENIENT.



COMPROMISE
THIS, YOU
PIECE OF
SHIT!



UHL... SOME
FUN, HUH,
MAMICHE?

YOU AND MY BOY
DAY'D BETTER
STAY ON THE BALL,
TOW THE LINE.

SEE WHAT HAPPENS
TO YOU WHEN YOU
DON'T EAT YOUR
VEGETABLES?

AA, JESUS, MANICHE,
CALM DOWN. YOU
SHOULD'VE MOVED
INTO A FRIEND'S
PLACE, LIKE I DID.

OKAY, SO WHAT
ARE YOU TELLING
ME?

THAT SATAN
APPEARED
AND DAIKED
A FEW HOOKS
WITH OUR
OTHERWORDLY
PAL?

GOOD. PRICK
DESERVES WHAT
HE GETS THE WAY
HE'S SCREWING
THINGS UP.

WHAT, NOW? YEAH,
SURE, WHY NOT?
WHAT ELSE COULD
GO WRONG
TONIGHT?
MIGHT AS
WELL.

"I'LL BE
RIGHT
OVER."

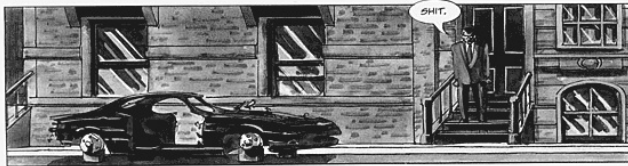
LADY'S REALLY GETTING INTO
THIS SCREWY SETUP. DEALING
WITH THAT PSYCHO'S ONE THING--
BELIEVING HIS BULL IS
SOMETHING ELSE!

NOTHING BETTER
HAPPEN TO MY
CAR...

SO WHERE'S
DUDLEY DO-RIGHT,
OUR BLUE HAIR'D
SAVIOUR?

RIGHT
HERE,
HOMEBODY.

ANY OTHER
SMART-ASS
COMMENTS?





gonna shoot me too,
white lady? I hear
that's what gets you
off, popping
brothers
like me.

I HAVE A
MISSION
TO COMPLETE.
SCUM LIKE
YOU GET IN
THE WAY.

IF I HAVE TO
USE MY WEAPON,
I WILL.

BELIEVE
IT.

NOW LIE
FACE DOWN
ON THE PAVEMENT.
NOW!

HEY LADY COP,
LEAVE THE
BROTHER
ALONE!

HE DIDN'T
DO NOTHIN'!

WHAT YOU WANT
TO HASLE US
FOR?

HOW COME IT'S
ALWAYS WHITE
COPS GOIN' UP
ON BLACK
FOLKS?

GODDAMMIT, THIS IS NONE
OF YOUR BUSINESS! GET
LOST, ALL OF YOU. THIS MAN
IS UNDER ARREST.
I'M WARNING YOU.

WHAT YOU GONNA
DO, LADY, SHOOT
ALL OF US?

IF I HAVE
TO.

I AM SICK OF
YOUR SHIT,
ELLIOT.

LEAVE THE MAN
ALONE AND PUT DOWN
YOUR GUN, NOW.

OR WHAT,
LESTER?

OR
WHAT!?



SO WHAT'S THE PLAN, PEOPLE? WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

A SPOT POLL THIS MORNING SHOWS YOUR POPULARITY AT AN ALL TIME LOW, YOUR HONOR. AS YOUR PR FIRM WE RECOMMEND *SOME* KIND OF DECISIVE ACTION, QUICKLY!

SIR, THE STREETS ARE HOT RIGHT NOW. LAST NIGHT'S INCIDENT AT THE WURST HOUSE HAS TURNED UP THE TENSION.

THERE'S A POWER VACUUM IN THE GANGS BECAUSE OF THE DEATHS LAST NIGHT, AND I'VE NEVER SEEN COPS SO HATED ON THE STREET.

I REITERATE: WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

WE TAKE IT TO THE STREETS.

WE GIVE A PRESS CONFERENCE IN THE MIDDLE OF NORTH DULLY AND CALM THINGS DOWN. WE SHOW THEM WE'RE CONCERNED.

WE DEFUSE THE SITUATION BEFORE IT GETS OUT OF HAND, ON *THEIR* LEVEL. WE SHOW THEM THAT YOU'RE A MAYOR OF THE PEOPLE, AND YOU'RE NOT AFRAID TO HIT THE STREETS WHEN THINGS GET HOT.



Hmm, "MAYOR OF THE PEOPLE", COULD WORK. LOUIS, CAN YOU PROVIDE SECURITY?

YER HONOR, THOSE PEOPLE OVER THERE ARE ANIMALS...

...BUT YEAH, WE CAN HANDLE IT.

OKAY, LET'S DO IT.

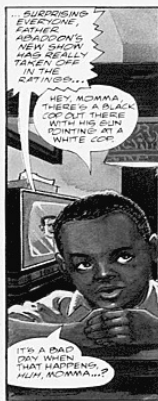


GET YOUR PEOPLE COORDINATED, LOUIS, AND DENNIS. LET'S MAKE SURE WE HAVE THE PR MACHINERY IN PLACE FOR THIS AFTERNOON.

CALL THE PRESS AND GIVE THEM THE DETAILS. LET'S MAKE THIS WORK.

SURE HOPE IT DOESN'T RAIN...









MAYOR'S TALKIN' OVER AT TEMPLE!
LET'S GO PAY HIM A VISIT!





'SPOSE YOU TELL ME WHERE THE REST OF THE GANG IS BEFORE I REACH DOWN YOUR THROAT AND SEE WHAT I CAN FISH OUT.

O-O-KAY MAN, RELAX, AIN'T NOBODY HERE!

EVERYBODY'S OUT. GOING TO THE OLD DIVINE LORRAINE HOTEL TO SETTLE THINGS WITH HASSAN.

WE'RE AT WAR.

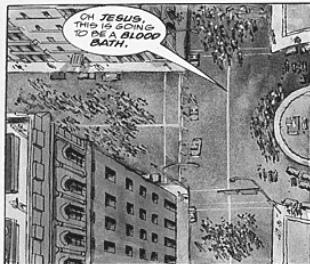
DAMNIT, YOU SCREWUPS ARE REALLY MESSING THIS WHOLE THING!

WAR?

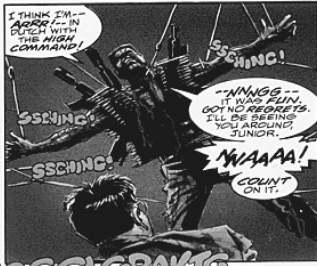
YOU DON'T KNOW THE MEANING OF THE WORD!













THE END



What good is this book, anyway?

Periodically, we have to ask that question. What makes it worth your attention, your time, and your money? The answer is what gives the book its fire, and makes us at this end work all the harder to produce the best possible product for you, because we think this book is unique and very special in what good it does.

Hellraiser is a horror book. That means our main goal is to frighten you. We've an entire mythology created and overseen by Clive Barker to draw from, and a lot more than that. We have the world as it is, was, and could be. We have a chance to talk about things few other publications can discuss, albeit in a fantasy setting. The strongest horror is the one that doesn't end with the story. It lives on, after the last page. The final solution, the real solution to the horrors presented, is yours.

In the preceding months, you've experienced the climaxes of several of our Devil's Brigade scenarios, made more horrific, we hope, for the addition of the real world problems these mini-epics have portrayed. We've tackled the evils of Apartheid, just as the South African government has taken the first uncertain steps to end that system. We've tackled the problems of homelessness, faced head-on greatest fears of humanity; loneliness, isolation, and apathy. This issue, we've shown the divisive tension of interracial strife and the dangers of gang warfare in our inner cities, with a strong message to stop the madness. And we've a lot more in store.

If we're good, we've presented some frightening thoughts and imagery. If we're skilled, we've changed your dreams a little, and affected your waking world in a real way with our dark little amoral morality plays. If we're lucky, you'll take those ideas with you, and do some good on your own, to affect the real horrors surrounding us all.

Then we done good.



Marc McLaurin
Editor

H



-Q/i 92



H



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